

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS

Sledge, a typical politician, becomes infatuated with Molly Marley, daughter of a street car company president. He sends her red roses.

On Molly's invitation Sledge attends a party. Before the crowd disperses Molly thanks Sledge for his kindness, and then he proposes marriage. Her refusal is treated as only temporary by Sledge.

Molly attends the governor's ball, and her attractiveness results in her climbing the dizzy heights of popularity. The notable respect accorded Sledge, however, perplexes her.

Sledge moves for the car company's reorganization. He asks Marley for Molly's hand, but she refuses. Having financially ruined Bert Gilder, Sledge threatens to do the same to Marley.

Marley's loans are ordered called by Sledge. Feeder, who receives a salary for keeping quiet about the public fund scandal, confuses Sledge's questioning and is roughly handled.

Molly becomes angry at her father's obvious fear of Sledge. He tells her to marry him, but she refuses and suggests a fight on Sledge, which encourages Marley.

CHAPTER VII.

Marley and Bozzam Plan to Outwit Sledge.

PRESIDENT MARLEY smiled as he met Bozzam. The two gentlemen agreed the weather was fine.

"I'm afraid you're too late, Marley," laughed Bozzam. "Our subscription list is ready to close."

"I have all the street railway stock I care for," laughed Marley in return. "I only came up to take your measure for the battle."

"It ought not to be so fierce," replied Bozzam. In the usually friendly manner of men who are about to cut each other's commercial throats. "There should be room for two good car systems in this town."

"Not on the same streets," objected Marley. "Don't you think it rather foolish to parallel our lines, Mr. Boz?"

TO MEN WHO WEAR CLOTHES.

I have influenced my Chicago tailors to hold back a few of those \$13.50 and \$17.00 suits for me, and can save you \$5.00 to \$7.00 on a strictly made-to-measure suit. We can renovate your old hat to a queen's taste.

HAT AND CLOTHES HOSPITAL.

Christian & Co. INSURANCE.

R.M. THORNE
UNDERTAKER
LICENSED EMBALMER
Telephone 78

Carl Herring
Transfer and Dray Line

I DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT I HAVE STARTED A DRAY AND TRANSFER WAGON AND WILL DO ALL HAULING IN MY LINE AT REASONABLE RATES AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION AS TO PROMPT SERVICE.

Carl Herring
Phone 186

JERSEY CREAM
1873
WHISKEY

PURE AND RICH

LEPPSTEIN & SON
KENTUCKY DISTILLERS
FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

First Class Dealers Everywhere

"The roses, as published, look like malice to me."

"I have no voice in that matter," declared Mr. Bozzam, eying his caller narrowly. "You should see our majority stockholder about that."

"I see," mused Mr. Marley. "Who is your principal stockholder?"

"I believe the gentleman's name is Sledge—Benjamin F. Sledge," Bozzam informed him, with a smile. "Perhaps you've heard of him."

"Yes, I have," admitted Marley, whose smile was more or less strained. "Friend of yours, I believe," suggested Bozzam, still smiling, and still studying Mr. Marley's countenance in terestedly.

"Not offensively so," denied Marley. "Indeed!" exclaimed Bozzam, with a splendid assumption of perplexity. "You know, I find it very difficult to unravel the personal, political and commercial relationships of all you fellows. Frankly, I have believed on till now that you were in on the game."

"Game?" repeated Marley.

"I mean that I thought you were to benefit by the formation of this new company," exclaimed Bozzam with an apparent trace of confusion.

"Benefit?" exploded Marley. "Why, it has all but broke me. Do you think it's any benefit to a man to have his only valuable holdings reduced from par to thirty-five?"

"By George, I'm shocked!" sympathized Bozzam. "Why, I thought you and Sledge were in perfect understanding."

"I don't know where you acquired that absurd impression, but it is entirely wrong," asserted Mr. Marley, with much vehemence. "Mr. Sledge would do everything in his power to hurt me."

"And I presume that you would do him a like favor if you had the opportunity," grinned Bozzam.

"I would not say that," hastily returned Marley, feeling that he had enough trouble on his hands.

"You're thinking it, though," laughed Bozzam.

Mr. Marley flushed slightly, but kept discreetly silent.

"I thought so," Bozzam chuckled. "Mr. Marley, how much of the stock of the reorganized company do you own?"

"Two thousand six hundred and twenty-five shares."

"A little over a fourth," commented Bozzam and drew a sheet of writing paper toward him, on which he figured for a moment. "To gain control you would need 2,376 shares additional," he announced. "How many of the stockholders would vote with you in an emergency?"

"Not very many," confessed Marley. "Naturally a share of our trouble is blamed to me, and I am not very popular at present."

"Certainly not," agreed Bozzam. "Fussing with pickers isn't safe, any how. You'd better buy the stock."

"Buy it?" protested Marley. "Great Scott, man, what do I want with more of it?"

"Would you like to win out on this little game of Sledge's?"

"Show me how," demanded Marley.

"How active are you willing to be?" inquired Bozzam. "Are you willing to jump through a hoop?"

"I'll do anything that is lawful."

"Then you'll go the limit," smiled Bozzam. "Your first step will be to buy those two thousand odd shares at thirty-five. Let's see." He figured it out. "They will cost you a little over \$82,000."

"I haven't the money," confessed Marley. "Sledge has cleaned me out of both cash and credit."

"Borrow it on your stock."

"I can't borrow over twenty on it. I couldn't raise enough on my total unencumbered stock."

Bozzam walked to the window and looked down into the street for some little time, during which Marley watch

ed him in silent wonder, struggling against his rising hope.

"I think I can raise a loan for you at twenty," Bozzam reported as the result of his deliberation. "If that is not enough I might have it arranged to buy the balance needed and vote it with you."

"How what is the plan?" demanded Marley. "I don't see what good control of a ruined company is going to do me nor why I should break myself buying worthless stock."

"Because Sledge isn't liberal enough with me," retorted Bozzam. "Why, Marley, don't you see that this company of ours is a fake?"

"You don't mean it?" gasped Marley.

"Did Sledge have you start this company in order to break me?"

"Oh, hush!" scorned Bozzam. "He did it to sell the old company our franchises, for the nice little quarter of a million dollars the public has just put up for stock in your reorganized company. Our stock is phony, strictly. The public has been allowed to buy fifty thousand of it, we get two hundred thousand and Sledge seven hundred and fifty. The public is the only person who has put up any money, and he gets his back. The only business we do is to sell our franchises and dividend, with a 25 per cent dividend. The public gets twelve and a half thousand, we get fifty, and Sledge gets the balance of your quarter of a million."

He paused to let all the beauty of that logical little plan sink into Mr. Marley's inner being.

"Great Scott!" murmured Mr. Marley and wiped his brow. "But how can we stop him?"

"Get control of the company. Call a special meeting. When we offer to sell you our franchises stand pat and refuse to pay more than \$50,000 for the franchises. You can defy us to build and make a fine grand stand play out of it when you know that we won't. We'll accept fifty thousand, and then you juggle it to slip Moodsom and Timbers and me a hundred thousand on the side. You've saved your company a hundred thousand, we've dragged down what we ought to have for our work, Sledge gets the hook, and your stock bounces up to par. Why, man, you'll not only be where you were before, but you'll clean up close to a hundred thousand profit on the stunt."

"Order some whiskey," Marley suggested to his host.

Sledge, in the luxurious little room which he occupied for an hour each day as president of the First National, gazed steadily at Bendix as he punched the button on his desk.

"Chamberlain's house," he speculated. "Huh!"

"Of course Marley gave notes for it. Thirty, sixty and ninety days and four months; four payments, of \$7,000 each."

In answer to the bell Cashier Davis came in with the pomposity of the owner of the mint mingled with the obsequiousness of a messenger boy.

"Frank Marley," rumbled Sledge accusingly. "He's got money. Where did he get it?"

"Not here, sir," smiled Mr. Davis, rubbing his fish fat hands together. "Find out," directed Sledge, and Davis took his sleek white sideburns and his white waistcoat out of the room.

"He's using cash, even in the payment of his grocery bills," supplemented Bendix. "Young Keene tells me that he saw into Marley's pocketbook

when we haven't kept in line. They won't say who it's for, except that it's scattering orders. The general impression seems to be getting ground that, no matter what happens, the stock is bound to be worth more than thirty-five. Speculators have grabbed it, I guess."

"They'd make a noise," objected Sledge, glaring down at the cuspidor, which, in this room, took the place of the hand hole in the gate as a source of inspiration.

"How about Bozzam?"

"I've tried my best to trace something back to his crowd, but I can't find a connection any place."

Sledge was silent for a moment.

"Bozzam's in it," he said decisively.

"I don't like to think so," defended Bendix. "He seems to work clean."

"You found him," explained Sledge. "He's in it. He's a crook."

Even Bendix grinned.

"I don't deny that, but he's too wise to start anything with you. That's what I bank on."

"He thinks I'm on the pan," judged Sledge. "He's a stranger."

Davis came in.

"We have telephoned all the banks," he reported. "None of them has made any check on Mr. Marley nor have any checks been drawn in his favor."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge. He stood up, walked out of the office, followed by Bendix, and climbed into his waiting limousine, over which the crossing policeman, stood guard. "Don't buy any more stock," he directed Bendix and drove off. "Sell it."

He strode into the offices of the traction company and stopped at Hunt's desk.

"Marley drawn any money here?" he wanted to know.

"His salary," replied Hunt, fawning servilely on the big man who stood at his side.

"Is he selling any stock?"

"Not that I know of, sir?"

"Making any cash?"

"Not particularly. He has been whistling."

"Making any threats?"

"Not that I heard."

"Huh!" and Sledge turned from the desk. "Anybody in with him?"

"I think his daughter, sir," smirked Hunt. "And Mr. Gilder, unless they have gone out the other way."

Sledge looked down at his lapel. The red rose was an excellent specimen except that it had one straggling petal in which was a worm hole. He jerked off that petal and walked unannounced into Marley's office, pausing just inside the door, struck dumb by a tableau being enacted at the opposite entrance. Bert Gilder, in the act of departing, was kissing Molly goodbye, and Marley at his desk, was looking on upon Sledge. Bert grinned impudently at Sledge and departed. Molly grinned tantalizingly at him and sat in the big leather chair opposite her father. Marley grinned cheerfully and offered him a cigar.

"Fine weather," he observed.

"Who gave out the dope about extending the Ridgewood avenue line?" Sledge gruffly wanted to know.

"I did," returned Marley calmly. "I thought it might help the price of my stock. It's been going down of late."

"Who gave you the word?"

"I didn't need it," Marley retorted. "I'm still president of the road, you know."

"I've called it off," Sledge informed him. "You got no franchise."

"I beg your pardon," Marley smilingly interrupted. "The original franchise granted a line to the end of Grace street. When it was cut through to connect with Ridgewood avenue the authorization of the cut and all the condemnation proceedings were for an extension of Grace street."

"May I tell Mr. Sledge what we intend to do out there?" Molly pleasantly inquired.

"I don't mind," granted Mr. Marley, beaming upon his child.

"We plan to carry out the original idea of building an amusement park on the Porson property and to drop the Lincoln road project if the stockholders don't object at their meeting tomorrow," she happily told him. "Mr. Gilder thinks it a much better location. Shall you be at the meeting, Mr. Sledge?"

In reply he chuckled at her.

"You're a corker!" he complimented her.

"You don't own much stock any more, do you?" she went on, delighted with her catchword.

"Enough to stick around," he reminded her. "Marley, are you bearing in to put something over at this meeting?"

"Are you?" returned Marley blandly.

"Huh!" Sledge had laughed. "Molly, my Bob is matched against the champion forty pound bull of Chicago tomorrow night. I can arrange for you to see the scrap without these roughnecks getting a peek at you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm sure I can't come, however. I've never seen a real dog fight, and I don't want to see one. But I hope Bob wins."

"He'll win," declared Sledge confidently. "He's never been licked yet."

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

"Uh-huh!" he gruffly assented.

Full of thought, he went over to see Bozzam, who now had an office in the newest palace of commerce.

"Ready for the meeting tomorrow?" he inquired.

"Quite," replied Bozzam, who, when with Sledge, was sparing of words.

"Is the slate fixed?"

"Sure! Bozzam, I got your record."

"Yes?" returned Bozzam carelessly.

"You served two bits before you got educated, a one year and a two stretch."

"Yes," agreed Bozzam, still carelessly.



"How active are you willing to be?" inquired Bozzam.

and it was stuffed with big bills, thousands and five hundreds. Keene estimated that he must have had \$30,000 with him."

"Why don't the stock go down?" demanded Sledge, the accusing look this time being into Bendix.

"I pass," declared Bendix, turning both palms upward. "I've had stuff in the papers every day about the new equipment and better schedules and the general upping of the old line, but in place of going down to twenty-five the stock is around thirty-seven now, and at that I can only find a little of it. After a hard day's work chasing the bull yesterday I picked up a million last night. A—stuffed after the usual dog fight."

"What's he doing it?"

"Cheap young brokers and has been

when we haven't kept in line. They won't say who it's for, except that it's scattering orders. The general impression seems to be getting ground that, no matter what happens, the stock is bound to be worth more than thirty-five. Speculators have grabbed it, I guess."

"They'd make a noise," objected Sledge, glaring down at the cuspidor, which, in this room, took the place of the hand hole in the gate as a source of inspiration.

"How about Bozzam?"

"I've tried my best to trace something back to his crowd, but I can't find a connection any place."

Sledge was silent for a moment.

"Bozzam's in it," he said decisively.

"I don't like to think so," defended Bendix. "He seems to work clean."

"You found him," explained Sledge. "He's in it. He's a crook."

Even Bendix grinned.

"I don't deny that, but he's too wise to start anything with you. That's what I bank on."

"He thinks I'm on the pan," judged Sledge. "He's a stranger."

Davis came in.

"We have telephoned all the banks," he reported. "None of them has made any check on Mr. Marley nor have any checks been drawn in his favor."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge. He stood up, walked out of the office, followed by Bendix, and climbed into his waiting limousine, over which the crossing policeman, stood guard. "Don't buy any more stock," he directed Bendix and drove off. "Sell it."

He strode into the offices of the traction company and stopped at Hunt's desk.

"Marley drawn any money here?" he wanted to know.

"His salary," replied Hunt, fawning servilely on the big man who stood at his side.

"Is he selling any stock?"

"Not that I know of, sir?"

"Making any cash?"

"Not particularly. He has been whistling."

"Making any threats?"

"Not that I heard."

"Huh!" and Sledge turned from the desk. "Anybody in with him?"

"I think his daughter, sir," smirked Hunt. "And Mr. Gilder, unless they have gone out the other way."

Sledge looked down at his lapel. The red rose was an excellent specimen except that it had one straggling petal in which was a worm hole. He jerked off that petal and walked unannounced into Marley's office, pausing just inside the door, struck dumb by a tableau being enacted at the opposite entrance. Bert Gilder, in the act of departing, was kissing Molly goodbye, and Marley at his desk, was looking on upon Sledge. Bert grinned impudently at Sledge and departed. Molly grinned tantalizingly at him and sat in the big leather chair opposite her father. Marley grinned cheerfully and offered him a cigar.

"Fine weather," he observed.

"Who gave out the dope about extending the Ridgewood avenue line?" Sledge gruffly wanted to know.

"I did," returned Marley calmly. "I thought it might help the price of my stock. It's been going down of late."

"Who gave you the word?"

"I didn't need it," Marley retorted. "I'm still president of the road, you know."

"I've called it off," Sledge informed him. "You got no franchise."

"I beg your pardon," Marley smilingly interrupted. "The original franchise granted a line to the end of Grace street. When it was cut through to connect with Ridgewood avenue the authorization of the cut and all the condemnation proceedings were for an extension of Grace street."

"May I tell Mr. Sledge what we intend to do out there?" Molly pleasantly inquired.

"I don't mind," granted Mr. Marley, beaming upon his child.

"We plan to carry out the original idea of building an amusement park on the Porson property and to drop the Lincoln road project if the stockholders don't object at their meeting tomorrow," she happily told him. "Mr. Gilder thinks it a much better location. Shall you be at the meeting, Mr. Sledge?"

In reply he chuckled at her.

"You're a corker!" he complimented her.

"You don't own much stock any more, do you?" she went on, delighted with her catchword.

"Enough to stick around," he reminded her. "Marley, are you bearing in to put something over at this meeting?"

"Are you?" returned Marley blandly.

"Huh!" Sledge had laughed. "Molly, my Bob is matched against the champion forty pound bull of Chicago tomorrow night. I can arrange for you to see the scrap without these roughnecks getting a peek at you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm sure I can't come, however. I've never seen a real dog fight, and I don't want to see one. But I hope Bob wins."

"He'll win," declared Sledge confidently. "He's never been licked yet."

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

"Uh-huh!" he gruffly assented.

Full of thought, he went over to see Bozzam, who now had an office in the newest palace of commerce.

"Ready for the meeting tomorrow?" he inquired.

"Quite," replied Bozzam, who, when with Sledge, was sparing of words.

"Is the slate fixed?"

"Sure! Bozzam, I got your record."

"Yes?" returned Bozzam carelessly.

"You served two bits before you got educated, a one year and a two stretch."

"Yes," agreed Bozzam, still carelessly.

"Well, if you try to pull anything here it'll be ten."

Mr. Bozzam laid down the pencil with which he had been tapping lightly on his desk and leaned slightly forward.

"Look here, you big slob," he gently observed, "you can't bully me, and you can't bluff me. When you get the goods on me is the time for you to get here it'll be ten."



"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

busy, but until then you keep your trap closed. I'm not one of your village pikers."

Sledge regarded him fixedly for a moment.

"You're in it, all right," he decided. "Huh!" And he walked out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Christian & Co. INSURANCE

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Board of County Commissioners of Eddy county, state of New Mexico, will receive at their office in the town of Carlsbad, New Mexico, on the third day of April, 1916, at noon of said day, sealed bids for the construction of a bridge consisting of one 75 foot steel span on concrete foundations over the Penasco river near Hope. Bids shall be made according to plans and specifications to be had upon application to the state engineer's office at Santa Fe, New Mexico, or to the county clerk at Carlsbad, New Mexico, which plans and specifications must be referred to in the bid.

All bids must be accompanied by a bond in the sum of \$500.00 with two or more sufficient sureties thereto, residents of the county of Eddy, conditioned for the faithful performance of said bids, or in lieu of such bond, a check certified to the satisfaction of the commissioners will be acceptable.

Upon the acceptance of a bid the successful bidder will be required to furnish a bond in the sum of the contract price conditioned for the faithful performance of the contract entered into between the county commissioners and such successful bidder.

The construction of said bridge is to be completed within four months after contract is signed.

The payment of the contract is to be made on the completion and approval of the work.

The commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

C. W. REEMAN, Chairman.

A. R. O'QUINN, County Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, March 2, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Justice Beach, of Carlsbad, N. M., who, on Jan. 27, 1913, made H. E. Serial No. 020891, for SW 1-4, Section Thirty-one, Township 22-S, Range 27-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. B. O'Quinn, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carlsbad, New Mexico, on April 12, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Dean Smith, Julian Smith, Cecil C. Cass, Barney Beach, all of Carlsbad, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, Feb. 17, 1916.

To Clarence Murphy of address unknown, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that John B. Stetson, who gives Carlsbad, New Mexico, as his post office address, did on February 17, 1916, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry Serial No. 021935 made March 4, 1910, for E 1-2 of SE 1-4 of Sec. 20 and W 1-2 of S W 1-4 of Section 21, Meridian 26 S., Range 24 E., N. M. P. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that "Said Clarence Murphy has wholly abandoned said land. That he has not resided upon said land

for a period immediately preceding this date of more than seven months and is not now residing upon said land and that said Murphy has not obtained any leave of absence."

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Date of first publication February 25, 1916.
Date of second publication, March 3, 1916.
Date of third publication, March 10, 1916.
Date of fourth publication, March 17, 1916.

NOTICE.

033844.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, Jan. 21st, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that on the 21st day of January, A. D., 1916, The Santa Fe Pacific R. R. Co., by Howel Jones, its Land Commissioner, made application at the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, to select under the Act of March 4, 1913, (37 Stat. 1007,) the following described land, to-wit:

NE 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 6;
SW 1-4 NW 1-4 Sec. 10;
NW 1-4 NE 1-4 Sec. 21;
NW 1-4 NE 1-4 Sec. 28;
N 1-2, S 1-2, E 1-2 NW 1-4 Sec. 4;
Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 6;
All in T. 23 S. R. 25 E.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the local officers for the land district in which the land is situated, to-wit: at the land office aforesaid, and to establish their interests therein, or the mineral character thereof, on or before March 10, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

NOTICE.

033913

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, Feb. 8, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of February, A. D., 1916, the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, made application at the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, to select under the Act of April 28th, 1904, (33 Stat. 560) the following described land to-wit:

The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-five in township twenty-four South, range twenty-five East, New Mexico Principal meridian, in Eddy County, New Mexico, containing forty acres.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the local officers for the land district in which the land is situated, to-wit: at the land office aforesaid, and to establish their interest therein, or the mineral character thereof on or before March 25, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

NOTICE.

033913

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, Feb. 8, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of February, A. D., 1916, the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, made application at the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, to select under the Act of April 28th, 1904, (33 Stat. 560) the following described land to-wit:

The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-five in township twenty-four South, range twenty-five East, New Mexico Principal meridian, in Eddy County, New Mexico, containing forty acres.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the local officers for the land district in which the land is situated, to-wit: at the land office aforesaid, and to establish their interest therein, or the mineral character thereof on or before March 25, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.